

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Trumpets sound. Dumb show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her he takes her up, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, take s off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysoner wooes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prologue,*
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a ting?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirey dosen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuell in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iouræyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

End of the Dumb show

For women feare too much, euen a
And womens feare and loue hold
Either none, in neither ought, or in
Now what my Lord is poofe hath
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is
Where loue is great, the littlest bou
Where little feares grow great, gr

King. Faith I must leaue thee
My operant powers their function
And thou shalt liue in this fare w
Honord, belou'd, and haply one a
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.
Such loue must needes be treason
In second husband let me be accu
None wed the second, but who k
The instances that second marria
Are base respects of thrift, but bu
A second time I kill my husband
When second husband kisses me

King. I doe beleue you thin
But what we doe determine, oft
Purpoe is but the slaue to mem
Of violent birth, but poore valid
Which now the fruite vnripe stic
But fall vnshaken when they me
Most necessary tis that we forge
To pay our selues what to our lo
What to our selues in passion w
The passion ending, doth the pur
The violence of either, griefe, or
Their owne ennaçtures with th
Where ioy most reuels, griefe d
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on flend
This world is not for aye, nor t
That euen our loues should wicl
For tis a question left vs yet to p
Whether loue lead fortune, or e
The great man downe, you mar